Though you look far and near, Though you hunt north, south, east an-Has not to-day a peer.

And every night, at eight o'clock, Its line of march is made, And the noise of drams tells me it comes To give "Undress Parade." A prouder general than I

Ne'er issued a command:
A prouder army than my own
Exists not in the land.
Two frummers always lead the way.
Then come the "rank and file." With heads erect, and faces front, They march, then halt, the while

I make inspection of them all,
Of uniforms and guns;
And then I call: "Attention all"
"Now, march! By twos! By ones"

At last, when I am satisfied At last, when I am satisfied
That everything is right:
That eurls are breached, and faces clean,
And uniforms are white,
I cry out: "Company, break ranks!"
The sound each one alarms:
For straightway, on the 'double quick,"
They run into my arms.
The drums are dropped, and muskets, too,
Each hides his curry head.

Each hides his curly head, And hugs me tight, and rays: "Good

Then scampers off to bed. Francis Williams, in N. Y. Independent.



PART II.

CHAPTER IV.-CONTINUED. realized in a question.

"Does she know you are here?"

"Who?" said Brant, curtly. "Your wife. That is-I reckon she's your wife still, ch?"

his self-composure. "Susy-Mrs. Senator Boompointer, said: that is "-he seemed to feel a certain dignity in his late wife's new title, and changed it."

"allowed that she'd gone abroad on a "O, no!" she said, eagerly, "for the secret mission from the southern con- spy was with me and was frightened, him. He could easily have fallen back federacy to them crowned heads over | too. We both ran back together-you a year ago. Some said one thing and her. some said another. But you can bet | But Brant appeared not to notice it. your bottom dollar that Mrs. Senator | He was, in fact, puzzling his brain to Poompointer, who knows how to pull all conceive what information the stupid the res in Washington, will know if mulatto woman could have obtained But is Mrs. Boompointer really dis-

and a southern sympathizer." said Brant, "or is it only caprice or While speaking he had risen with a half abstracted face and had gone to the window, where he stood in a loitering attitude. Presently he opened the window and stepped out-Hooker wonderingly followed One or two officers had already him. stepped out of their rooms, and were ing upon the veranda, another had halted in the path. Then one quickreentered the house, reappeared with his cap and sword in his hand and ran lightly toward the guard house. A slight crackling noise seemed to come from beyond the garden wall.

"What's up?" said Hooker, with stering eyes. "Picket firing." The ernekling suddenly became a long

rattle. Brant reentered the room, and picked up his hat. "You'll excuse me for a few moments?

A hollow sound shook the house. "What's that?" gasped Hooker. "Cannon."

CHAPTER V. In another instant bugles were ringing through the camp, with the hurrying mass of prounted officers and the tramp ing of forming men. The house itself of pickets. Brunt still did not believe in position, as in the previous engagement, They were no doubt only making a feint against his position to concent some advance upon the center of the army a den mile or two away. Satisfied that he was in easy supporting distance of the di- ingly, wistfully, but she did not blanch s ision commander, he extended his lines along the ridge ready to fall back in that direction while retarding the advance and masking the movements of his chief. He gave a few orders necessary to the probable abandonment of the house, and then returned to it. Shot and shell were already dropping in the field below. A thin ridge of blue haze shouthed the line of skirmish fire. A small conical white cloud, like a bursting cotton pod, revealed an opened battery in the willow-fringed meadow. Yet the postoral peacefulness of the house was unchanged. The afternoon sun lay

I'rench window in the veranda, when the door leading from the passage was suddenly flung open, and Miss Faulkner swept quickly inside, closed the door behind her and leaned back heavfly against it-penting and breathless. Clarence was startled, and for a mo ment shamed. He suddenly realized that in the excitement he had entirely forgotten her and the dangers to which she might be exposed. She had probheard the firing, her womanly fears had been awakened; she had come to him for protection. But as he turned toward her with a reassuring smile, he was shocked to see that her agitation and palior were far beyond any physicat fear. She motioned him desperately to shut the window by which he had

softly on its deep verandas; the pot

pourri incense of fallen rose leaves

He entered his room through the

haupted it still.

"I must speak with you alone! "Certainly. But there is no immediate danger to you even here-and I can soon put you beyond the reach of any "Harm me! God! if it were only

entered, and said with white lips:

He stared at her uneasily.

"Listen," she said, gasping, "listen fice you for another man?" to me! Then hate, despise me-kill me if you will. For you are betrayed and been helped on by me, but I swear to shown a woman's devotion. And in re-

knows how it happened-it was fate!" In an instant Brant saw its truth inrerelation came that wonderful calm- eyes. "It would have been an excuse ness and perfect self-possession which - yes-to save a man never yet had falled him in any emer-will go. I am ready."

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his whole threatened position spread out like a map before his eyes, the ready to face it?" swift calculation of the time of his men woman before him-all this he was forgive?" keenly alive to as he gravely, even

critical and level voice: "This is not enough! Speak slowly, How and in what way have you betraved me?"

She looked at him imploringly-re-"You won't believe me! You cannot the confederates and a spy who comes | girl. to this house-but who is far away by this time. I did it because I thought you hated and despised me, because I thought it was my duty to help my cause, because you said it was 'war' between us, but I have spied on you. I swear it!

"Then how do you know of this at-

tack?" he said, calmly. but I knew it meant that as long as it | nant." was there the plot, whatever it was, was That much I knew, that much the spy | "and I look to you for her safe convoy

Nevertheless he dreaded to hear him was his own hand that had precipitated no longer possible to hold it; and the speak again of her. And the fear was the attack! But a larger truth came brigade was cut off from its communithat it was imperfect, and there was fears that it was an intended impact "I do not know that she knows," re- this visible in his face, as he fixed his Would his communications to the di turned Brant quietly. He had regained eyes calmly on hers, although his vision commander pass through the atpulses were halting in expectancy as he tacking column in time?

there. She was good at ropin' men in, remember -she was stopped by the payou know. Anyhow, Susy-afore she trol!" She checked herself suddenly, s Mrs. Boompointer-wasdeadset on but too late. Her cheeks blazed, her might have been by a division of so findin' out where she was-but never head sank-with the foolish disclosure could. She seemed to drop out of sight into which her eagerness had betrayed



Miss Faulkner swept quickly insi-

scent to the enemy-there was nothing to gain from him. She must have been, like the trembling, eager woman before

him a mere tool of others. "Did this woman live here?" he said. "No," she said. "She lived with the With difficulty Brant suppressed a start. It was clear to him now. The information had been obtained at the was almost described. Although that division headquarters and passed single cannon shot had been created to through his camp as being nearest the prove that it was not mere skirmishing confederate lines. But what was the information, and what movement had any serious attack of the enemy. His he precipitated? It was clear that this woman did not know. He looked at had no strategic importance to them. her keenly. A sudden explosion shook the house, a drift of smoke passed the window-a shell had burst in the gar-

She had been gazing at him despair or start.

An idea too possession of him. He approached her and took her cold hand. A half smile parted her pale lips. "You have courage-you have devo tion," he said, gravely. "I believe you regret the step you have taken. If you could undo what you have done, even at peril to yourself, dare you do it?"

"Yes," she said, breathlessly. "You are known to the enemy. If I nm surrounded you could pass through the confederate lines unquestioned."

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "A note from me would pass you again through the pickets of our headquarters. But you would bear a note to the general that no eyes but his must see. It would not implicate you or yours-it would be only a word of warn-

"And you," she said, quickly, "would be saved! They would come to your assistance! You would not then be

taken? He smiled gently. "Perhaps-who

He sat down and wrote hurriedly. "This," he said, handing her a slip of paper, "is a pass. You will use it bend your own lines. This note," he continued, handing her a scaled envelope, "is for the general. No one else must see it, or know of it-not even your lover-should you meet him!" "My lover!" she said, indignantly, with a flash of her old savagery, "what

do you mean? I have no lover! Brant glanced at her flushed face "I thought," he said, quietly, "that there was some one you cared for in vender lines-some one you wrote to; it would have been an excuse-"

He stopped as her face paled again, and her hands dropped heavily at her side. "Good God! you thought that, too. You thought that I would sacri-

"Pardon me," said Brant, quickly, "I was foolish. But whether your -cut off and surrounded! It has lover is a man or a cause, you have pairing your fault you are showing pairing your fault you are showing mand! I would have saved you. God more than a woman's courage now." more than a woman's courage now.

To his surprise the color had again mounted to her pretty cheeks, and even tively and clearly. But with the a flash of mischief shone in her blue yes-to save a man, surely. Well, I

made clearer to his ears, the view of | your safe conduct, there is an engage ment and some danger. Are you still "I am," she said, proudly, turning

could held the ridge, in his mind-even | back a braid of her fallen hair. Yet the hurried estimate of the precious mo- a moment she hesitated. Then she said, ments he could give to the wretched in a lower voice: "Are you as ready to "In either case," he said, touched by

gently, led her to a chair, and said in a her manner-"and God speed you." He extended his hand and left i slight pressure on her cold fingers. But plainty. I must know everything. they slipped quickly from his grasp, and she turned away with a heightener

He stepped to the door. One or two assured, yet awed by his gentleness. nids-de-camp, withheld by his order against intrusion, were waiting cage-by believe me! But I do not even know; I with reports. The horse of a mounted have taken and exchanged letters field officer was pawing the garden whose contents I never saw between | turf. The officers stared at the young

> "Take Miss Faulkner with a flag to some safe point of the enemy's line. She is a non-combatant of their own, and will receive their protection."

He had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with the aids de-camp before the field officer burriedly entered, Taking Brant aside he said quickly: "Pardon me, general, but there is a She brightened, half timidly, half strong feeling among the men that this hopefully, "There is a window in the attack is the result of some informawing of this house that overlooks the tion obtained by the enemy. The womdope near the confederate lines. There | an you have just given a safeguard to was a signal placed in it-not by me- is suspected, and the men are indig

"The more reason why she should be not ripe, and that no attack would be conveyed beyond any consequences of nade on you as long as it was visible. their folly, major," said Brant, frigidly, had to tell me, for we both had to There is nothing in this attack to show guard that room in turns. I wanted to that the enemy has received any in seep this dreadful thing off until-un- formation regarding us. But I would til," her voice trembled-"until," she suggest that it would be better to se added hurriedly, seeing his calm eyes that my orders are carried out regardwere reading her very soul, "until I | ing the slaves and men combatants who sent away, and for that purpose I with- are passing our lines from division held some of the letters that were given headquarters, where valuable informame. But this morning, while I was tion may be obtained, than in the suraway from the house. Hooked back and veillance of a testy and outs oken girl.

ome one had changed it. I ran back, cheek as he saluted and fell back, and but I was too late, God help me, as you Brant turned to the aid-de-camp. The news was grave. A column of the ene-The truth flashed upon Brant. It my had moved against the ridge; it was to him now, like a dazzling inspiration. cation with the division headquarters, If he had thus precipitated the attack although as yet no combined movement before it was ripe, there was a chance was made against it. Brant's secret still hope. But there was no trace of against the center were confirmed

One thing puzzled him. As yet the enemy, after facing his line, had shown no disposition, even with their overwhelming force, to turn aside to cover when it was possible to hold the ridge no longer, without pursuit. His flank and rear were not threatened, as they large an attacking column, and his retreat was still secure! It was this fact that seemed to show a failure or imperfection in the enemy's plan. It was possible that his precipitation of the attack by the changed signal had been the cause of it. Doubtless some provision had been made to attack him in flank and rear, but in the unexpected hurry of the outset it had to be abandoned. He could still save himself, as his officers

rew, but his conviction, that he might e able to support his division commeder by holding his position doggedbut coolly awaiting his opportunity, as strong. More than that, it was hie emperament and instinct.

Harrowing them in flank and rear, ntesting the ground inch by inch, and olding his own against the artiflery sent to dislodge him, or the cavalry ching.

CHAPTER VI.

Not all along that fateful ridge, now seured and confused with thin crossing smoke drifts from file firing, like here. His strength, his position was in partly rubbed out slate pencil marks, penetrating only an indistinguishable map of zig-zag lines of straggling wagons and horses, unintelligible to any action under fire, his power was alcomprehensive direction, sent through his dark, watchful, composed face, uplifted above a line of bayonets, never failed in their magic. Like all born leaders, he seemed, in these emergencies, to hold a charmed life, infecting his followers with a like disbelief in death Men dropped to right and left of him with serene assurance in their ghastly faces or a cry of life and confidence in their last gasp. Stragglers fell in and closed up under his passing glance; a hopeless inextricable wrangle around an overturned caisson, at a turn of the road, resolved itself into an orderly, quiet, deliberate clearing away of the impediment, before the significant walt-

ing of that dark, silent horseman. Yet under this imperturbable mask be was keenly conscious of everything; in that apparent concentration there was a sharpening of all his senses and his impressibility; he saw the first trace of doubt or alarm in the face of a subaltern to whom he was giving an order; the first touch of sluggishness in a reforming line; the more significant clumsiness of a living evolution that he knew was clogged by the dear' bodies of comrades; the ominous bi lence of a breastwork; the awful inertia of some rigidly kneeling files beyond, which still kept their form but never would move again; the melting away of skirmish points; the sudden gaps here and there; the sickening incurva straight line-all these he saw it at this moment, coming upon a hasty barricade of overset commissary wagons, he stopped to glance at a familiar figure he had seen but an hour ago, who now seemed to be commanding a group of collected stragglers and with a revolver in each hand and ?

tollowers. Mounted on a wheel atrical even in this paroxysm of urdoubted courage-glared Jim Hooker! sponsibility of the field on his shoulders, even at that desperate moment, the Prairie Flower," as he had seen him in a California theater five year [TO BE CONTINUED.]

How They Love One Another. Miss Oldun (playfully)-I'm muc'a older than you think I am. Miss Caustique-I doubt it .- Amus ing Journal.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe was the first woman to do regular office work on the editorial staff of a London daily. When the Echo was started she al-"One moment," he said, gravely. "Al- tended every other day to write leaders | declared his love and was, in as simple the cannonade and its shifting position | though this pass and an escort insures | and notes, generally on social subjects. | words, accepted. She nestled in his

HE NEW YEAR'S.

And have you brought us golden gifts

Beneath your shining wing?

And will you tell the springtime that furnis we hespeak.
When we in sylvain clades and glens
ther earliest trupities seek?
Will March forbear to flout in
With blustering libes and beers,
And April show her somiest smiles
in place of frowns and tears?

Will summer bring her roses To deck the woodland bowers, With not a single cruel thorn Convaied among her flowers? And will she cayly time?
When harvest some go round,
701 all the cleaming swaths are out
And golden sheaves are bound?

O, tell us, happy New Year, Will all our friends be true.

And will each cape or flow with Joy Comitsed with taste of rue?

Will exery heart be Joyful.

And every eye be bright.

The luster of their sight? "An, no," the New Year answered,

An. no. the New Year answered,
"Such gifts I promise not.
For joy and sorrow mingled
Must be each mortal's lot.
But if you beed them rightly—
Life's clouds and thorns and tears— Then not a single vain regret Will mar your future years!"
-Helen W. Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.

away from the house, theôked back and saw that the signal was no longer there.

Some one had changed it. I ran back closely say that the signal was no longer there.

Some one had changed it. I ran back closely say be saluted and fell back and the surveillance of a testy and outs, sken girl.

An angry flush covered the major's check as he saluted and fell back and the surveillance of a testy and outs, sken girl.



ance. Shapely enough, for was I not formed by Amati, the master

he who astonished the world with the perfection of his work, and who has not ince been approached in skill, though the moderns excel in so many things? The violins of to-day, pert and foppish in lustrous varnish and glossy as mirrors, are not valued as we are nor can they approach us in interpreting those other masters to whose grand compositions and soaring thoughts we violins give vitality and voice.

Reginning my active career in Italy. have outlived many owners, but I now repose in a glass front cabinet in Chica-It was at first in a very humble ionic, about the only thing of real value the home possessed, except my mistress and owner, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Inez Mardatti. You should see her and know her as I do to properly estimate her wertla

Of Italian descent, small but shapely, with checks of the swarthy red and brown, which is my complexion, too, eyes of deeper brown through which her soul gazes, teeth of polished pear! plumage, her cheap dress did not suceeed in obscuring her beauty or the shapeliness of t' - little form which had that curled around to ride through his the easy movements of a queen half disopen ranks, he saw his files melt away guised in beggar's garb. When she laid efore this steady current without her check against mine, and charmed me into the proper mood until our voices melted into one, you would have understood in an instant how much i

loved her and why. All know that I have a voice which is a marvel, but it is shy like all real talent, and responds only to the masteror else, when cleared of those drifts, ly touch it loves, knows and understands. Inez had a voice as clear and clean as that of a bird, bell like in ringing tone, full of lights and shadows eye but his, the singular magnetism of which broke forth in song, sometimes the chief was felt everywhere. Whether capering merrily as insects do in the Manlys, but had friends whom she visited at your general's headquarters." it was shown in the quick closing in of the full laughter like that of a mountain enemy or the more dogged stand of in-brook, sometimes vibrating with deep emotion, sometimes sobbing with ways dominant. A word or two of unshed tears. And I? I laughed, cried, rejoiced, waited, or broke into cataan aid-de-camp, or the sudden relief of racts of jubilant praise in touch and tune with her. Our hearts and voices were twins. What wonder that they rioted in joy or sobbed in sympathy to-

gether? inez was poor, and lived in a locality where haggard sights and sounds were but too common; but evil did not mar this soul of noble inspiration and instinet. You may splash mud upon a diamond or dust upon the opal, but you cannot reach with it the flame in the heart of the one or the wondrous changing iridescent light of the other. Stains do not penetrate to the inner aitar upon which burns the sacred flame of the really valuable gem.

And Inez had a lover, a brown-eyed onth as poor as herself and as deeply levoted to the spirit of song. He, too, played the violin, though not as she did, nor did he, like her, inherit, as the only costly gift from an otherwise poor grandfather, an heirloom like myself. He had been a true friend to the oftentimes almost friendless girl, who, since the death of her old grandmother not long before this story opens, had often needed protection, solace and advice I think their souls first mingled in music, and ran together as do two streamlets which join hands to travel together to the vast and boundles ocean. We are all travelers to eternity; t strengthens two clear streams to unite their currents until they create a river large enough to mirror the ing of what a moment before had been whole earthward side of heaven, instead of small fragments thereof. What all their fatal significance. But even are souls but lenses, reflecting at differing angles, true or false, the light of heaven, the flashes of inspiration, the

goodness of God? He proposed to her in a palace beside which those of European kings were duli and lusterless. They had strolled to a grove some distance from the great cit., crowning a hill which everlooked bowie knife between his teeth-thf. Lake Michigan. It was mid-October, end the grand transformation scene with which nature closes her summer the gift of seeing and did not care to And Clarence Brant, with the whole re- dreams was at its height. Over them were the forest arches gorgeous in erimson and gold; on either band found himself recalling a vivid picture of the actor Hooker personating the character of "Red Dick" in "Rosalie, as no loom ever produced, each character of "Red Dick" in "Rosalie, as a glorious vista of earth one, as a Quaker might say, to see the character of "Red Dick" in "Rosalie, as a glorious vista of earth one. aisle ending is a glorious vista of earth me, as a Quaker might say, to speak or sky. Leaves softly fell in golden I had a secret, and did not care to congifts about them, and sonlight of rich gold sifted through traceries of branches interwoven above and wove patterns of gold lace on embossed carpets of moss. In the haze over the lake's deep blue there was royal purple, and in the sky fints innumerable, mingled with bumble-bee, and even tried a rap or opal, amethyst, amber and pearl. They two by way of experiment. were in tune with the scene, and conxing us violins to join them we four united in a song of jubilant praise. Their eyes met, their voices changed to a love song which we deepened and prolieve girls under such circumstances longed; then the lad, in simple words, like to be frightened. It makes such au

ew caressing phrases, punctuated with kisses, they invoked our aid again by to wave the magic wand over me and eyed darling, that I clung on purpose.

our beloved violins, dear Inez." said the And what do you think they were? sturdy youth, "but we will compel hap- | Bonds, dear reader, bonds; together

which we have survived apart?"

We all went home in the glory of the quartette.

On New Year's eve, thanks to some of the large churches, the result to determine whether they should aid her in studies for a professional concert areer, or set her aside for some more promising protege. Some of them had he occasion, and were really learning

to love the shy, but true-hearted girl, The days sped, happy for the lovers, though often touched with the want Oscar Hammerstein, and a year ago which keeps poverty company in the luez became his wife. They were mararge cities, High-toned conventionalities did not creet barriers between ness reigned supreme. Better still, it judge. them, so they spent nearly every even. was made so warmly welcome that ing together, talking lovingly, or playing softly and sanging in the twilight. At that wedding there was sweet mu-we were always with them, and they sie in abundance, and I was chief muade true confidants of us, letting us ear echoes from their hearts in addi- the world laughed with me, as it is ion to the intuitious which always in- proce to do with the prosperous and expreted to us the impulses of their uls. Talk of love laughing at lock. New Year's chimes which, from many miths! It does better than that, for, a tall steeple, rang out the old and in when properly understood and wel- the new, was the angelic voice of my comed, it longhs at poverty and sings in mistress made vibrant and vital with want, makes rags into royal robes, mag- unspeakable joy. Unspeakable in mere

irms, and after they had morniured a was the rather commonplace reply, "we will investigate and see." Well, they both approached, opened nd we all rejoiced together as true the cover of my case, and Inez reached triends should. That was a little drama in for me. Much to her surprise 1 and concert worth seeing and hearing. seemed caught in a corner of the box, am hollow, but it warms even my and she had to pull gently to loose good condition and there is compared to think of it, though nobody is me. Little did she think, my brown-tirely little repair work to be done.

by to wave the magic wand over me and eyed darling, that I clung on purpose.

New Year!
Your Joyful dawn rich only in lands and money know of seemled in the family with me, and as such happiness as that shabbily dressed she pulled the bottom came up with couple felt that nutumn afternoon? pre and revealed to her astonished gaze Thank God Cupid is not a time-server a eavity packed with papers, yellowed or worshiper at merely gilded shrines. with age, some covered with writing, "We have nothing but ourselves and Oscar was quick to pounce upon them.

piness yet and conquer success, will we with Bank of England notes and other documents representing solid values. "Of course, Oscar," was her prompt | They were counted up and amounted to reply, "and whether we have success or nearly \$9,000. With them was a docunot, we have each other and our instru- ment, written by the great-grandfather ments. Poverty is an old friend of ours, of Inez, willing all these to his only oo. Why need we fear that together daughter, the grandmother who had lived and died in poverty before these things came to view. They belonged to cunset together, heaven in our hearts. Inez, of course, and made her quite an and hunger keeping it company for the beiress. You should have seen the haptwo human members of the tuneful piness in those two young people's eyes. What do you know of joy who pover plunged suddenly out of the and ladies who had interested them grown of poverty into the light of what

elves, Incz was to "come out" at one was by comparison unmeasured wealth? Heaven that evening had dingy walls and bare floors, and just two angels inhabited it as monarchs of all they surveyed. And the "golden harps" and been transmuted into asromised even to lend her clothing for tique violins. But I assure you golden less acts call for the most condign nunbarps never made happier music. All this happened two years ago o more. The poor lover became Prof. meted out to the offenders. Gov. Brad-

it has remained with them to this day. sie in abundance, and I was chief musician among the violins. I laughed and adependent. And mingling with the nifies pennies into fortunes. Better words, of course, but capable of inter

SHE PLAYED AS I NEVER HEARD HER PLAY.

tress and I were inspired. Of course

we were, for I was full of sunny mem

ories voiced in music, and Inez, radiant

with love, interpreted in songs sublime

This household has been a happy one

ver since, and in the place of honor

outranking newer and fresher furniture

ique case and myself. We see all that

is going on, and Inez makes of me a

sort of shrine, for she loves me still

as in days of yore. The constancy of

such natures is proof against change.

Happy indeed are they who have such

Near me in the sitting-room stands a

rib, and the jewel in this particular

asket is a pink-cheeked baby with

nose wonderful Italian eyes, and looks

in which those of its father and mother

eem strangely and mysteriously blend-

d. But its music? Well, I do not pre-

tend to interpret the songs of all emo-

tions, and this little cherub's song is

nd enjoy its cackle or crow, but when

it lifts its voice for more vigorous mu-

he filing of saws. I love it, of course,

but one can love a wee sinner without

oving its sins. As an antique gifted in

The strangest thing of all is that its

father and mother, loving and under-

standing harmony, seem to love even

its war yells and efforts when sailing

All the same, we shall have a christen

ing this New Year, and from the plans

with a name, and there will be feasting

and dancing galore. We violins love

dancing, for at such events we rule the

as implicitly as soldiers obey their gen-

time to our bidding and dare not dis-

obey. Come out to the christening.

dear reader, and see what a home made

happy, hearts gladdened and faces it-

med are like. On the household altar

in this little home love's sacred flame

burns clear, for the draughts of sus-

icion, envy, jealousy, hatred and un-

haritableness never imperil its glad

My story is ended. Despite its sim-

plicity despise not the voice of the ob-

servant and experienced violin. Life is

made up of harmonies and discords,

false notes or true. Hearts, like violins,

differ in capacity, but the best of them

need the master touch to interpret the

nents know and feel this. What a pity

music of the master. We bollow instru-

it is that many human souls never learn

so simple a truth. Surely the golden

harps which angel fingers coax to

authems of untold sweetness, but elab-

we true interpreters, human or mani-

mate, launch heavenward here below;

beginning sweet and low with true and

loving touch what God magnifies later

Scores of Times.

They were talking about the various

methods of celebrating the passing of

the old year and the coming of the

"Did you ever dance the old year ou

"Yes, indeed, scores of times," wa

the reply. And then she was sorry she

and the new year in?" he asked.

I EDGAR JONES.

orate and prolong the songs of earth

have overheard, it is to be a gay event.

o windward in a house-made squall.

its methods of playing "bawl" or ser

ennding.

ome glow.

in the family sitting-room is my an

Inez with a dowry of naught but the pretation in song. People said my mis

gift of song and of hope, than a purse-

New Year's eve came, and with it the

expected debut. The great church

was crowded, Oscar in the front row of

seats, that he might not lose a tone or

look. There were organ preludes which

shook the massive building, choral

whose shrine the great metropolis had

long worshiped, and then came the little

The great crowd frightened her, and

she looked a very little frail mite as

dressed in some simple material, and

looking pleadingly around. But he

beauty pleaded for her, and the audi-

ence, though critical, was not unkind.

Suddenly she began to feel faint, he

eyes met those of Oscar, beacon lights

senses safely back. I was trembling

myself, time-hardened antique, as she

raised me to her shoulder and with her

bow invoked my aid. Then she played

as I had never heard her play before,

until I felt myself lifted above this mis

erable world, and her voice a little later

broke triumphantly into song. It was

a revelation and a surprise. Together

we soared or sobbed, rang out in heav

enly harmony or murmured as softly

as the rustle of dying roses. We closed

with a grand, vibrant flourish, and for

moment you could have heard a thought

unfold itself. Then the audience

again and again, and the battle was

won. We were recalled again and

again, and each time seemed to charm

them more. I heard laughter from hun

ireds when we laughed, and tears glis

tened when we sobbed. Our inter-

pretation of the soul-song of the dead

living from sleep. It was a resurrec-

tion, a revelation and a victory, all com-

Well, hard times for Incz ended ther

and there. She was petted, caressed

flattered, but, thank beaven, could not

be spoiled. Her prosperity was shared

with Oscar, and for him, too, she won

the encouragement and opportunity to

make the best of himself and of the di-

vine gift of song. The strangest thing

happened next evening, New Year's

there, and we had beloed them in a lit

tle home concert, such as we had often

joined in before. They were supreme

ly happy, for the poverty they did not

fear was ended, its lessons only to

remain, lessons good and wholesome.

too, for hearts like theirs which had

I had been placed in my old glass

front cabinet, and had been listening to

ceal it any longer. So I began to mur-

mur on my own account, and it

sounded so mysterious to them so

both stopped talking and gazed at me

aghast. I kept buzzing like an inspired

"How strange," said Inez, nestling

close in his arms. "I do believe the

Amati is bewitched. Can it be a warn-

ing of approaching ill?" I verily be

excellent excuse for snuggling closer.

much like a ghostly manifestation, that into music of the spheres.

"There must be a rat in the case," spoke.-London Tit-Bits.

new.

forget.

night. Oscar had spent the evening

asters had awakened the souls of the

broke into tumultuous

of love which guided her wandering

the stood there facing the multitude

girl who was to win or lose that night

numbers by trained choirs, soloists at

oroud princess pearl-bedecked.

KENTUCKY STATE NEWS.

THE Illinois Central is cutting down expenses in the Paducah shops. The officials say it is due to the fact that the company's rolling stock is now in tism, ward off good condition and there is compara-

A TOLLHOUSE on the Perryville turnpike, a mile from Springfield, was burned to the ground. The gate was raided some time ago, when the other tollgates in the county were destroyed.

FILLMORE BAYES, a very prominent and wealthy stock dealer of Magoffin and wealthy stock dealer of Magoffin county, dropped dead at West Liberty Hood's Pills care Liver lils; easy to operate 28c. of heart failure.

JAMES BROOKS, a Madison county murderer, pardoned in 1895 by Gov. Brown, on condition that he would leave the state and never return, called at Gov. Bradley's office a few days ago to ask restoration to citizenship, and was sent back to the penitentiary for violating his pardon.

MARSHAL GREEK and five deputies be almost impossible to escape from the proke up listing and captured seven French penal settlement at Cayenne. broke up Eastells and captured seven neonshiners in the Cumberland moun

LUCIEN BECKNER, until recently connected with the Lexington Herald, has undertaken a more ambitious work. He is engaged in writing a history of Clark county, which he will publish in book form when complete.

Gov. BRADLEY the other night gave out a statement about the four cases of mob violence at Russellville and Mayfield. The governor says the lawishment, and he urges the county officials to see that prompt punishm ley says there is no law covering such cases, but intimates that he will offer ried on New Year's eve, and happi- a reward if requested by the circuit

News from Letcher county states that a bloody battle was fought at a dance at the home of David Williams One hundred shots were fired and Charley Hogg, a prominent mountain teacher, was mortally wounded. Hogg's friends swear vengeance.

Ar Henderson snit was filed with the circuit clerk by C. K. Elliott against the L. & N. railroad for damages in the sum of \$10,000 for injuries claimed to have been received by the plaintiff by being pushed off a freight car on April 9, 1890, in Nelson county. Some unknown person broke into the circuit clerk's office at Campton and stole all of the indictments that were returned by the grand jury at the last term of the Wolfe circuit court.

THE total valuation of city property in Lexington, according to the books of the city assessor, just completed, is \$14,203,573.78.

A company of Cuban volunteers has been organized among the convicts in the Frankfort penitentiary. JOSEPH J. FISHER, president of the German Insurance bank, of Louisville,

is dead from heart trouble, brought on for food. Then small logs are laid. by excessive smoking. THE C. W. Quinn Dry Plate company has been incorporated at Henderson Its object is to conduct the manufacture and sale of dry plates, sensitive

graphic uses. The capital stock is \$30,-ALLEN GREER, aged 25 years; Mrs. Bud Owens, aged 30, and her daughter Mary, aged 12, were drowned in Clark's iver six miles from Paducah. They attempted to cross the river in a skiff which overturned. The bodies were not recovered. Greer made a heroic attempt to save the women but lost his life in the effort.

films and sensitive papers for photo-

THE report of Dr. J. P. Huff, intendent of the Kentucky Feeble- caught. The minded institute, has been issued by the although a turkey can easily jump public printer. The superintendent down through it with closed wings. It says the past year, but for the fire, which cannot jump out good w destroyed the buildings, would have been one of the most prosperous in the history of the institution. The following statistics are gleaned from the report: "According to the report of my predecessor there were 114 children in the institute at the close of the fiscal year, ending September 30, 1895. There have been admitted during the year 29 children, 18 boys and 11 girls; 13 have days in succession the rancher visited been dismissed during the year, 10 boys and 3 girls, and 1 boy died (December 16, 1895), still I find that there were on the rolls at the close of the presen fiscal year, ending September 33, 1896, only 123 children, which shows a discrepancy, as there should have been a net gain of 15, but as nearly all the records of the institute were destroyed by fire I am unable to find where

discrepancy comes in." THE famous portrait of Dr. Horace Holly, once president of the Transylvania university, was found in a ond hand store in Lexington.

kitten. The rancher shot the untrapped FRED DURHAM, of Caney's Fork, panther, and then easily dispatched gaining flesh rapidly. LEXINGTON will have 13 councilmer THE Central Labor union of Louis-

ville adopted a resolution expressing oo much for me. I can stand its laugh sympathy for Cuba. GOV. BRADLEY is receiving hundreds of letters asking him to pardon Scott sical effort I prefer a boiler factory or Jackson and Alonzo Walling.

AT Louisville there has been a one cent cut in coal, with a further reduction to follow. armonies and such, I protest against THE mother of Robert Laughlin, the wife-murderer, is dying of grief.

MARTIN R. RICE, of Paintsville, has one of the oldest clocks in Kentucky It was handed down from his grand father. It was made in 1798, and has been in Mr. Rice's family for 63 years. It is still one of the best time keepers in the county. It is authoritatively stated that Dr

A. M. Peters' examination of the stom His babyship is to be saddled for life ach of James H. Montague, the Scott county man who was supposed to be poisoned by persons who wished to secure the insurance money on his oost, and every merrymaker obeys us life, resulted in finding no poison. A Louisville job printing company

cral. Even the clamsiest feet step in filed suit at Frankfort against State Treasurer Long, asking for mandamus to compel him to pay warrants to the amount of \$10,000. THE town of Corbin, in Whitley county, is only six years old, but it has

a population of 2,000 and is growing rapidly. About fifty new houses are now under construction. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, the free thinker, whose tragic death, in connection with that of Miss May Cellins, at Bostoo, has been written up at great length, was not entirely unknown in Kentucky. About four years ago Putnam had a four days' debate with Dr.

Hall, a minister, at Golden Pond, Trigg county. poolrooms. A secret meeting was held to raise funds to carry on a legal bat-

tle for the poolrooms. AT Middlesboro Uncle Isaac Gamble, 102 is dead. He claimed to have been

a companion of Boone. THE mob which hanged and killed

Better

Hood's

THE ERRING BURGLAR.

Acquitted, He is Found at His Old Ways Again. A curious romance of burglary and filial affection is told in the French newspapers, says the New York Journal. It has generally been supposed to

forests both from animals and natives, not to talk of starvation, appalled the convicts to such an extent, that they never even thought of attempting flight. This theory has just received a severe shock, the description of no less than 30 recently escaped convicts having been circulated to the police by the minister of the interior. One or two have already been cap-

and the perils to be confronted in the

tured in France. Among these is a certain Petitjean, who is necused of new misdeeds. Petitjean escaped from Guiana some time ago, for no other reason, he said, then to come and embrace his old mother, who lives at Bagnolet. He was arrested, but in deference to public opinion, which was impressed by his filial affection, he was set at liberty and allowed to remain in France.

A short time ago a robbery took place on the Boulevard Diderot, in Paris, and by tracing back the stolen goods four persons were arrested They were all currying knives, knuckledusters and revolvers, and made a most desperate fight for their liberty. Once in prison. however, they confessed they belonged to a large gang whose chief was Petitjean. Hence the latter's arrest.

TRAPPING TURKEYS. The Method Caually Employed in Taking

the Wild Bird. One of the methods by which wild turkeys are taken by native hunters, as sescribed in "Hunting and Pishing in Florida," by Mr. C. B. Cory, curator of the department of ornithology in the Field Columbian museum, Chicago, certainly does little credit to the intelligence of the turkeys.

A place is found where turkeys are numerous. Corn is scattered about, and if that is eaten, more is placed in: this manner for a week or two, until they become accustomed to going there forming a square box about six or eight inches in height; possibly two logs on each side, one above the other. Inside is placed the corn, and the turkeys enter it readily, as the obstruction is

not sufficient to excite their cars.

The next night another log a addeduraising the box a little higher, perhaps a foot or so, and this process goes on until the small logs form a coneshaped box, parrowing at the top, leaving an opening by which they can enter at the top.

Corn is placed in the box, and a few kernels leading to it, as usual, and the turkeys, mounting the last log, drop in and eat up the corn. And now they are

spr.p" A Pair of Panthers. Smut creek is a small stream in the Big Horn mountains. A rancher in the valley set a trap for pauthers, which he thought had been stealing his sheep. The trap was of steel, extra large and beavy, and baited with mutton. Four the trap, and found nothing. He omitted the fifth day, and when he came on the sixth he heard a grouning sound. He found that every bush within five vards had been torn up by the roots, the ground itself looked as if it had been plowed, and the trap was gone. Following the sounds he saw the tips of the ears of an animal behind: a rock. He made a careful detour, with rifle cocked, and finally came upon, not one, but two panthers. One had its leg in the trap, the other was licking the trapped panther, as a cat would her

the other. Dett., gnawing pain-neuralgia. Prompt, sooth ng cure-St. Jacobs Oil.

We say that the good die young. As a matter of fact it is the young that die good. Boston Transcript. Arran physicione had given are up, I was saved by Piso a Cure. Harri Ening, Wil-liamsport, Pa., Sur. 22, 1863.

PERSON there good might be accompeople. N. Y. Press. Doubt.go up and bent with pain-Lumbs-go. Use St. Jacobs Oil and straighten up.

A round ov perswashun is better than a ton ov compulshun -Truth. A Padlocked Heart.



pain which

comprehend.

The least derangement or disorder of the delicate special organism of their sex overwhelms the whole physical and mental being with weakness and wretchedness.

But it is a mistake to suffer these troubles in allence. They may be cured in the perin silence. They may be cared in the per-fect privacy of home, without the repugnant ordeal of examinations and "local treat-ment," which the family doctor is sure to insist upon.

No physician in the world has had a wider or more successful experience in the treat-

No physician in the world has had a wider or more successful experience in the treatment of woman's diseases than Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. His "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most obstinate and complicated Arninne difficulties.

It is the only medicine of its kind prepared by an educated, skilled physician.

the Proctors at Russeliville the other night, if reports are true, are determined to rid the county of a number of worthless and dangerous characters. It is said that at least 20 persons in different parts of the county have been notified to leave the county within 15 days, and that several are making preparations to go.

Befury Collector R. W. Carr and H. P. Wemack, of West Liberty, in company with eight others destroyed seven illicit stills in Lawrence county. While Judge Wemack was gone his barn was burned. No insurance.

Sarsaparilla